

tedium II

At Urindale College of the University of Trawna
Missississauga Rd., Missississauga, Ontariario
Floundered in 1974
and again in 1978
Circulation Ailing



November 2, 1978 [72 -] Vol. 5, Na. 7

TA's Get English Tests By 1980

The University of Toronto Chamber Council today announced that English Language Facility Tests will be mandatory for all Teaching Assistants (TA's) by the '80-'81 year. The Council Chairman, Professor P. Moriarity was quoted as saying, "We have been under a lot of pressure from the students to have English tests for the TA's, and the implementation of this new policy will coincide with the introduction of English Facility Tests for the Faculty of Arts and Science." The ruling will become final when Council meets Monday for a final vote, but it has been reported that the preliminary vote taken last Friday was 9-1, in favour of the proposal.

The concept of English

Facility Tests began three years ago when compulsory English tests for Engineering Freshmen began. Since then, the students in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering have become increasingly well-spoken. Naturally, now that anyone speaking to an Engineer is required to speak only the Queen's Best English, all the other faculties in the University have been clamouring to have their language standards raised.

Experience has indicated that the average TA is already oblivious to anything that their students have to say, and plans for the new program are hastily taking shape. It is not known what the reactions of the TA's will be, because so far, not a single soul has been able to communicate with them.



CAMPUS COPS CLAMP DOWN

(Reprinted without permission from the Varshitty)
by Mario Brokeabottle

We all remember from a long time ago the activities of a clandestine neo-fascist organization called the B.F.C. (Burst Force Committee). This group of crazed engineers used to run wild on the St. George campus. Now their pranks and mischief have all but ceased, due in large part to the efforts of campus police chief von Stackerman.

I met the chief sitting in his private library in front of such books as 'Gestapo Tactics in Peacetime', 'Terror as an Aid To Interrogation', a leatherbound edition of 'Mein Kampf' and several years of Cosmopolitan.

"Tell me chief, why did you take a job here?"

The large humanoid glowered at me through beady eyes. Suddenly his face broke into a

broad grin and a bad case of acne. "I love breaking heads," he replied as he crushed a beer can with one hand.

I felt a cold terror come over me but even so I was somewhat aroused by the sheer power this man radiated. I continued, "I understand you have made many changes since you started here. I was wondering—perhaps you could show me around."

"Why certainly, mein herr," he picked up his uniform cap and riding crop, "If you would be so good as to follow me, I will gift you a tour of our facilities."

He led me to a darkened room adjoining his office. The walls were lined with consoles, closed circuit television and various recording devices. Watching and maintaining this equipment were a host of campus Blue Shirts.

"Ziss iss our central monitoring room. Here ve can monitor any part of the campus

through the use of multiple close circuit cameras, sensitive microphones, heat sensors as well as several top secret devices."

"For example this monitor indicates zat someone iss parking illegally." A technician started speaking softly into a microphone and von Stackerman continued, "A patrol carra iss dispatched to bring him in for interrogation an..."

"But what if he's innocent?" I asked.

"Zen he iss released with a minimum of physical damage. I vill admit that our methods are perhaps a little extreme, but ve get results. For instance, ve haff reduced illegal parking by 90%."

"What type of interrogation methods do you use?"

He led me to another room that was tastefully done up in

... continued on page 3

Lottery Fever

Following fast on the heels of its predecessors in the instant money lotteries, a radically new kind of lottery has appeared on the Canadian scene. I'm certain that you must be thinking - oh, not again, but whereas the previous ones were organized by federal and provincial governments almost exclusively, this latest one is the baby of the Department of Microbiology at the University of Toronto. Yes, incredible as it may seem, these people are raffling off diseases. Selling sickness. Purveying pestilence. And with almost no judiciary impediment.

"There's no rule in the lottery guidelines set up the government itself that explicitly states there are to be no awards of diseases made," said Dr. Constipelli, acting Dean of the Department.

"And though tickets have been on sale for two months now (by word of mouth only, you understand), reponse has been

less than enthusiastic. Fewer people buy our five dollar tickets than you might imagine."

For the uninformed, the grand prize is a chemically induced brain tumour, while the lesser prizes consist of two week bouts of leprosy, semi-permanent epilepsy, syphilis, TB, chronic bronchitis and explosive acid diarrhea.

Their slogans are the result of high powered advertising gimmickry: "Five bucks gives you a shot at malignancy!" "Catch a dose of lottery fever! Spend a fiver."

The staff of the department remain unswervingly optimistic about the entire venture. Since their grand prizes are derived from just about any public sewer, the cost-profit margin is exceedingly high.

"In fact, if we sell even a dozen tickets, the whole undertaking will be financially worthwhile," Dr. Constipelli added.

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centrespread

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...but seriously?

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Erindale Update

by Sal Monella

It was announced at the Faculty Council meetings last week at Erindale that plans are in the offing for extensive renovations of our college. Paul Fox, principal of our already aging campus assured the members present at the meeting that he would "do something" about the hideous appearance of the main building.

"Ever since I took office here at Erindale, I've always hated the way the damn place looked. I'm getting fed up with prisoners being sent here 'by accident' as the Mississauga police claim, and I'm especially tired of having to pay ten cents to get into my office every time the bloody door closes," Fox said angrily, taking a frothing bite out of the cactus plant sitting on his desk.

I had to repeat my questions two or three times and I was getting hoarse as I competed unsuccessfully with the constant roar of nearby urinals.

"What are your plans for Erindale, Principal Fox?" I shouted, trying to ignore the watery splashes of the office next door.

"Well, first off I..." At this point, we were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Goddamit, this is my office! Get out!" he howled, bouncing a roll of toilet paper off the student's head.

"I can't tolerate this any longer. Ouch, shit! This bloody chair is cracked and it keeps pinching my buttocks. And the chair back keeps falling and pummeling my kidneys," he snarled. I couldn't feel sorry for the man when I thought how noisy and unbearably hot the

boiler room could get when we met for Tedium II makeup sessions.

"Anyway, I feel that this gigantic concrete zit on the Mississauga landscape definitely needs an update. So I called on the same people that updated the Sir Sanford Fleming building at the downtown campus. They outlined the plan in considerable detail and I presented it to the council yesterday morning."

"Were they receptive?" I asked, suddenly covering my nose as a cloud of ozone wafted in from next door.

"I don't know who that jerk is next door, but he must only weigh about 22 lbs by now, he's in there so often. Some days it's so bad in here that my sandwiches are toasted as they sit on my desk. Would you like some tea? I've got an automatic drip tea maker."

"Thank you," I said. Fox turned around, threw ten tea bags into the toilet tank and flushed. Getting off his seat, he dipped two cups into the bowl and said, "Not as hot as those fancy little drip tea makers, but it makes up for it in volume."

A sickening feeling of deja vu cascaded over me as I stared at the cup of tea that looked incredibly like the garbage form the school cafeteria.

"I can't function without a cup of tea in the morning," he said, downing it in one go, and scooping up a second cup from the bowl.

I threw up into my shirt pocket for want of a better place. Fortunately, he hadn't noticed.

"I wonder if the janitor was by here yesterday? The tea doesn't seem to have its usual body," he said earnestly. I deposited another load down my shirt.

"But anyway, back to the update plans. Next month, they plan to survey the buildings carefully, then they'll blow up one half of Erindale, and bury

the other half in the crater!" he explained, eyes sparkling and brow perspiring. I sat back somewhat perplexed.

"Oh forgive me, I'm due for a meeting at Simcoe Hall in a couple of hours. If you like, you can come along and we'll have lunch in the Med Sci cafeteria. They've got new management, and they've completely rewritten the menu! They gave me a complimentary copy when I was there last week," he said, showing me the 6th edition of Grants Atlas of Anatomy.

I retched up my intestines and left them steaming on his desk, in my mad and desperate rush to leave that place. I can only hope the Med Sci cafeteria is next of the update list.

Get Developed! (PROFESSIONALLY)

by Ellen Rochman
Chairman
Professional Development
Committee

The eleventh annual Canadian Congress of Engineering Students (CCES) will be held in the fair city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, January 3 through 7, 1979. The theme for this year's congress is "professionalism". In spite of this, U of T has been invited to send a delegation of four or more students. These lucky people will have an opportunity to participate in lectures, workshops and seminars on such matters as engineering attitudes, ethics, and social and legal responsibilities.

Last year's CCES, held in Sherbrooke, P.Q., was acclaimed as astounding success by all those attending. This year's

should be even better, especially if the professional Development Committee can scrounge up enough money to send some "observers" in addition to the four voting delegates. Because transportation and registration for the CCES will run into big bucks this year, any students interested in attending should be willing to help in a fund-raising campaign. Also, since this conference is intended to benefit all undergraduate engineering students, the U of T participants in the CCES will be expected to organize some type of seminar of mini-conference concerning professionalism as a follow-up activity. And, that's not all. Articles must be written for the Toike, the Cannon and the Conference Post-Publication. Delegates will be expected to prepare for the congress in

advance so that they can contribute intelligently to the workshop discussions.

In other words, if you simply want a four-day holiday in Halifax, don't bother applying. However, if you want a chance to exchange ideas with engineering students from across Canada, and if you are concerned about engineering professionalism, and especially if you are able to communicate well, then here's what you can do. Simply leave a note in the Professional Development mailbox (3rd floor, Metro Library) outlining reasons for wishing to attend and listing reasons why I should wish you to attend, making sure that I receive this information before November 10, 1978. There will be no extensions for this assignment, even for those of

you in Engineering Science.

Even if you are not interested in attending or qualified to attend this conference, the Professional Development Committee would like to hear from you concerning other activities they have planned. For example, our Professional Development Committee edits a newsletter for the benefit of student Engineering Societies all across Canada. We hope to organize several talks on various aspects of engineering professionalism and have been active this term in having a visitor from the APEO speak to fourth year students about becoming a P.Eng. New ideas and assistance in bringing them to life are always welcome.

If you have any suggestions or if you would like to become part of this serious but fun-loving group, please leave your name, course, year, and home phone number in the Professional Development mailbox.

* * * *

Ahhh right.



Isn't it the best beer you've ever tasted?

Mike (AWKTE) in hopes of passing, asked Martha Ham (AWKPD) out for a date. On the appointed night he drove up to the Rosedale Mansion, past the wrought iron gates and fountains. Visions of honours grades passed through his head as he rang the doorbell. Too late, however, he realized that he had a serious problem with gas. Any release now would kill whomever opened the door. Last night's pizza and beer would have to wait for an opportune moment.

The Butler answered and he was shown to the salon where he met the family. The Pres. and Mrs. Ham were introduced along with the rest of the family, including Ralph the dog.

"The dog", thought Mike, "The perfect excuse."

He called over the dog, released a small amount of gas and waited for the result. The conversation continued for a moment till a horrible expression overcame the President's face.

"Ralph!" he cried in disgust. "Ahh!", thought Mike to himself, "Safe."

After a few moments he decided that it was time for another burst. "Fpfpfpfpfp" came the anal utterance.

"Ralph!", cried Ham again in horror.

"Just one more shot and I'll be home free," thought the editor. He released one more of the deadly assaults.

The Pres.'s reply was swifter than before this time.

"Ralph, get away from him before he shits on you!"

The Rotunda

Well it seems that there was this rookie airline pilot who was making his first flight to the U.S. Anyway he was coming in for a landing, he suddenly realized that the runway was too short to land safely. "Full power!" he cried to the co-pilot as he pulled back on the control yoke. "Give me 45 degrees of flaps" he said when they were once again in level flight, and once again he maneuvered for the landing. As they were coming in

he realized that once again they were going too fast and once again he aborted the landing. "Give me full flaps" he said as he jockeyed the plane into position for another landing. Slowly the aircraft descended and touched down just at the very edge of the runway. Immediately the crew went into action, applying brakes, reverse thrust, releasing the drag chutes and throwing out the anchor. Fortunately, it was

enough and the plane just stopped at the end of the runway, its nosewheel barely touching the grass. "Whew!" he breathed, after they had recovered from the effects of deceleration, "These American runways are short." Then, looking around for the first time, "But Oh Boy! are they wide!"

A young boy (destined to become an engineer in about 12 days) was leafing through the latest issue of National Geographic when he came across a picture of an elephant. "Mommy, what's that?" he asked innocently, pointing to the rear. His somewhat old-fashioned mother reddened and quickly replied, "that's nothing son, nothing at all. Now go on out and play."

The future Skuleman looked at the picture, decided that it was definitely something and so he asked his engineer father. "That, son," his father replied, "is the elephant's penis." "But Mom said it was nothing." His father straightened up and said, "Well, son, your mother's a little spoiled!"

* * * *

CAMPUS COPS

... from page 1

pastels. The walls were pink with white trim. There was a single lime green chair in the centre. Next to it was a table laden with ice picks, cattle prods, thumbscrews, ice cubes, whips and so on. "You will notice zat ze rooms haff been tastefully decorated. Ve like to be thought of as cruel but cheerful, as opposed to cruel and impersonal." "Very nice," I said, "but is all this necessary?" "You dare to question me?" he thundered, and instantly I regretted my question. "Of course it is necessary. Viss Zis equipment ve haff all but annihilate zee accused B.F.C." "So you've finally achieved control of the engineering students?" "Not quite. They are wily, those ones. They go to classes via underground tunnels and sewers. Ve haff been unable to locate ze secret location of zat subversive newspaper, ze Toike, but ve haff totally suppressed performances of the LGMB (ed's note, YAY!) whose sole purpose was to foment unrest." "Amazing," I breathed, "I'm sure our readers will be happy to

know this. Thank you very much and good-bye, sir." "Heil Hit..." He reddened, "I forget, ve do not do zat here. It hass been by pleasure Mr. Brokeabottle." At this point an officer broke into the room. "Chief! Chief!" He shouted, "They've done it again!" We rushed outside and looked up at the Physical Plant smokestack, which had been refashioned in the form of an erect penis complete with foreskin. "Well chief," I said "I guess you'll be rounding up suspects?" But there was no point in asking. Chief von Stackerman was sitting on the grass, mumbling incoherently to himself, and playing with his big toe. In the distance I could hear band music and a milling horde in yellow hard-hats advanced on us. In the fore, one of them held aloft a giant Stimula condom. I quickly left.

Mario is a small rodent-like person with yellow teeth and bad breath. He contributes regularly to the Varshlty, even though we'd rather he wouldn't.

EXAM REPRINTS ARE ALMOST IN!

The Nth Annual Christmas Going Out of Business And Opening Up

SALE:

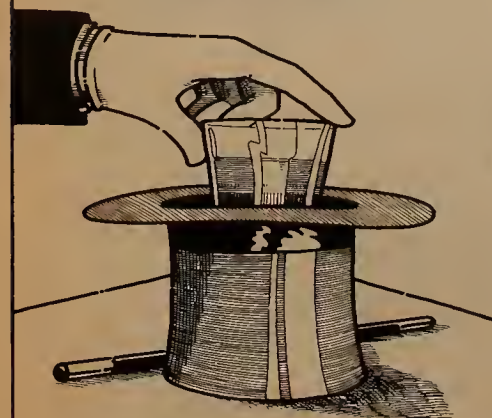
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tedium II

"University of Trawna's
Alternative to Rectal Itch"

Circulation pathetic
Available at U of T campuses



Tedium II is published weekly during the school year by the Urindole College Stupid's Union. Printed and denied by the Missississiougo Typhoid. The opinions expressed rather simply are those of the editors and formal complaints about the editorial or business operations might as well be addressed to the Varsity, for all the good it will do. Advertising is likely to be lost on the editor's desk.

"Journalism ought to strive for greater glories than merely stirring the pot of excrement so that the odour is released."—Phlegm

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How To Avoid Graduation

It seems only yesterday that we were all green new comers to this alleged institute of learning, quaking on the threshold of first year calculus. In the intervening time, years that seem to merge into one long agony of fear and fatigue, we can no longer distinguish incidents but only the consciousness of time wasted. (Some of us are, of course, green newcomers, but being Flosh, are not yet differentiated life forms. Currently a controversy rages among the intelligentsia over the issue of how many years after conception abortion may

be performed on a Flosh, but no conclusive decision has been arrived at, most open-minded people placing the cut-off date at about thirty-five. Some people claim that Flosh should not be exterminated at all, or at least not out of season, but the general public considers this soft hearted and foolish, not the least of which is the University, which makes most of its money from freshman decomposition.)

To return: graduation creeps innocuously up on one, and almost before one knows it the cap and gown loom on the

horizon. The reaction is generally one of fear, tinged with astonishment; the future graduate may struggle in the web and kick against the pricks (?), but almost invariably he will arrive, trussed and no longer struggling, ready to be debriefed and thereafter graduate. Obviously, this state of affairs is a lamentable one; that the end of Skule should be graduation is an unfair as that life should conclude with death. Hence, the importance of plans of escape. These should be developed early in the career of the un-

dergraduate, the earlier implemented the better.

The first and most unsatisfactory method of avoiding graduation is, of course, to fail your courses. This may seem like a good idea at the time, but they always catch up with you in the end. The result is that you are publicly disgraced, your epaulettes are ripped off in front of your mother and you are burned in effigy by the Governing Council. Furthermore, you can no longer claim your student status as justification for breaking into Coke machines and attacking old

ladies with shoe horns.

A more successful plan of attack is to become a part-time student. Part-time studenthood means you can respectably attend school until you reach three digit age without ever attaining a degree even accidentally. Old and grey and rheumatic, you may still legitimately attend Oktoberfest and steal park benches from the squirrels.

Other solutions include: including a joint major in Hindustani at the last moment (a temporary measure at best), enrolling in Eng. Sci., setting fire to Convocation Hall, or outright bribery. The solutions are as multitudinous as your fetid imagination can encompass and as vicious as the existential gravity of the situation warrants. With burnings are quite in order. Murder is not beyond the pale, and picking up an English course is reprehensible but may be justified by extenuating circumstances.

If all else fails run for SAC.

Letters

Submissions are invited for our letters sections, but may or may not be included, depending on the editor's relative state of paranoia.

Letters that are positive far ganarrhea may not be included.

Do not send jars of maggots. Langer submissions may be sent due to the inability of our staff to concentrate for extended periods of time.

Dear Godiva,

As is evidenced by the photographs which appear in this issue, the "surprise" at the fun Toike make-up involved a certain person being tied to a metal bar on the roof of the Metro Library with a yellow rope, and then being sprayed by Class A and Class C fire extinguishers. That certain person was myself, Forest Mozo, ROTO, and Kreo' nnef.

I have several complaints about the incident. First, since I am a Chemical engineering student, surely this would justify the use of a Class B extinguisher. I realize that the Class A extinguisher is used for wood products and one of my names is Forest. But what does Class C, or carbon dioxide, have to do with anything?

Also, I would like to complain about some misconceptions. My shouts of "More, more, more, more!" were the result of my life passing in front of my eyes (I was reliving my LGMB days), not as a result of inherent masochism. Also, I only screamed when I thought that I was about to be pipped on. When the fire extinguishers suddenly appeared, I laughed out of relief, not because of pleasure.

The beer I was carrying indicated that I was involved in an ancient but sacred ritual of consuming ambrosia, or the nectar of the gods. How callous it was to defy these gods by snatching my beer from my grasp and from my lips! Surely this would mean that I was being

offered as a sacrifice, hence my life was passing in front of my eyes. Since this was not so, they have been insulted and defied.

Lastly, why does everyone think we're schizophrenic? We were told by the people involved in the incident that we were schizo, and that this would cure it. We have not heard so much bullshit in our lives.

Yours sincerely,
Forest Mozo
The Royal Outcast of Toike
Oike, Kreo' nnef
Chemical Engineering II

To the editor,

Please be warned of the diabolical scenario which permeates the ether, and is about to descend upon us. While we at Erindale enjoy the day to day insignificance of ourselves and our College, the Engineers are planning a Toike parody of our beloved Medium II that will shatter this contentment forever.

Should their scheme be successful, you, the Medium II, will be portrayed as an interesting and informative tabloid — this must not be!

The Engineers and their Brute Force Committee (a purely mythical organization which does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist) must be stopped!

Sincerely,
Johnathan Livingston Wong

AN ALUMNUS RESPONDS

October 23, 1978

Dear Dean Etkin:

I read the series of letters in the September 28 Toike Oike with interest.

During my years at University of Toronto (1961-65) I was quite active in the Engineering Society, being Secretary in 1962-63 and Director of Publicity and Publications in 1963-64. I worked on the Toike during these years and was instrumental in changing it from an "Engineering Newsletter" read by engineering students only, to a humour magazine read across campus. In fact, it was my decision to begin cross campus circulation. In the spring of 1964 I made a decision not to run for Engineering Society President. It was a difficult decision, since my name was well known in engineering circles due to my Toike activities. I had reasons to believe I would be successful. Instead I decided to become Editor of the Toike so as to fulfill the ambition I had as a Toike contributor, that is, to create a "Harvard Lampoon" type campus journal which would be unique in Canada. You must remember that the Harvard Lampoon was relatively unknown and the National Lampoon, its descendant, was some years away.

The 1964-65 Toike Oike was well received on campus. My designer, Lawrie Raskin, created the "TO" motif with arrows (then used to frame most covers) and, indeed, the T-like "ike logo is still used on the cover and masthead. In the first issue, we noted that "The arrows circling the front page symbolize counter-clockwise motion and in essence form the beloved initials T.O. which recalls Toike Oike, Toronto, and "to."

During the year we published a full fledged TIME takeoff, a US election special (appearing the morning of the election, with LBJ winning on the front cover and Goldwater winning on the back, upside down, front cover), an engineering open house supplement, and a "Scientific Canadian" cover. This latter masterpiece (a Raskin/Morris co-

production) was a mosaic or collage of articles torn from the then sex crazed Varsity (tame by present day standards; if you stood back and squinted, a nude appeared).

The impact of Toike was such that then Professor James Ham was very pleased indeed. In fact, he acted as a referee on my successful application for an Athlone Fellowship, which eventually enabled me to get the credentials necessary to apply for my present job. Finally, I was fortunate in being awarded a 1965 SAC Honour Award, probably mostly for my Toike work. At that time, these awards were quite prestigious and only about 20 a year were awarded.

Thus, I take great exception to your statement that "you have read enough Toike material in the past decades to know that it is at various degrees of rotten."

And I differ on more than the basis of the 1965 Toike. Thanks to a friend in the Engineering Stores, I have read the Toike regularly since 1970. Yes, the jokes are crude. We published in much more innocent times and our jokes were orders of magnitude tamer than those presently appearing. In fact, my successor as Editor was "fired" for printing a well known football joke which had explicit, but harmless, religious overtones! Times have changed. But I have read some Toikes in recent years which were superb take offs. I remember the "Trawna Moon" in particular.

My main points are these: the jokes and material in the Toike are no cruder than those in the National Lampoon, available at all newsstands to all readers (including children) at an inflated price. The pictures I have seen (recently at least) are no more risqué than those available to all Playboy readers (including children) and certainly do not approach those of Penthouse, which itself is not as far out as openly available magazines now go.

The humour and parodies written in the Toike range from lousy to terrific. The ratio probably varies from issue to issue and from year to year.

The Toike is circulated on campus to an audience which regards itself as mature and sophisticated, and without doubt is. If piles of unread Toikes were left lying around, I suspect that the Engineering Society would selectively reduce circulation; they would be stupid not to. Those who do not want to read Toikes do not have to. Its reputation is well known enough to forewarn readers. As for the image of the engineers prompted by Toike? Well, my generation of Skuleman firmly believed that we should not be "streetcar students", as was the bulk of the university. We had to take risks and stick our necks out to create excitement on campus. We stole Trinity's cake, pre-opened the University Avenue Subway and the new City Hall, etc., etc. Our Toike was far out in a way. Again, the present Toike is far out, but not so far out when compared to the present non-university community standards as reflected in the press (National Lampoon, Penthouse, etc.) and movies (Animal House, etc. etc.)

I would be glad if every Toike was a takeoff on something or other, but the Toike (as I recall) was tough work to put together; the present Toike certainly does not appear by "magic". The Toike is possibly unique in North America. We don't have one here, and one gets fed up with serious journalism (the Varsity, Carleton's Charlatan, etc.). I think the University should be thankful that students having the roughest undergraduate work load on campus take time out to produce the Toike.

In summary, while the balance between the crude "easy" humour and clever, satiric, but "difficult" humour could be better, the Toike is unique and University of Toronto's Engineering Faculty should be thankful for "small miracles". However, a well placed official "kick" every few years is always worthwhile.

Yours truly,

L.R. Morris,
Associate Professor,
Department of Systems Engineering and
Computing Science.

Dear Box,

What the hell is going on? I am really pissed off! Did someone steal the Mice's supply of Geritol?

One of the main reasons I decided to become a U of T engineer, rather than a Queen or a Waterloo, was that the reputation of the U of T engineers appealed to me.

Now it looks as if that reputation is in danger due to the overzealousness of the Mice. These dropouts from the police academies are under the impression that they run the campus. In the last few weeks I have had four run-ins with "our friends" and only once was I doing something they would worry about (and I outran them anyway). This sort of treatment is called harassment, and it has been the Mice's favourite tactic since the beginning of the year.

Halloween night was a case in point. The BFC had a fun little caper planned, and we met at midnight and commenced to organize. Later it was discovered that we had been continually watched by plainclothes mice, ones in unmarked cars, and some in the regular blue-mobiles. We even spotted an unmarked Metro cop keeping tabs on us. This was too much heat, and after some deliberation we decided that it was too risky to stay up, and we started to go home.

Just as we were exiting the building, the Mice surrounded us (I escaped to the other side of the street). They took names, addresses, phone numbers, ATL numbers, year, faculty, mother's maiden name, etc., and gave us all sorts of shit for holding what they considered an "illegal

congregation". They insisted that we did not have the right to be in the Metro Library after hours. The University supplies keys to certain students for that very purpose.

BFC Capers are not meant to damage property or to hurt anybody. They are merely the release of pent-up energy, and U of T Police used to realize this. Who did it hurt to put Mickey Mouse ears up on SAC?

If we allow these harassing acts by the Mice to go unprotested, who knows where it will stop? What would the University be like without the BFC, the TOIKE, or the BNAD? No Slave Auction, Scavenger Hunt, tromp through Queen's Park, or Engineering Orientation?

Godiva, what are we going to do?

An irate BFC member
(Name withheld by request)

Dear Pyxos Godiopolis,

As a concerned member of the student body I would like to complain about the abhorring quality and exorbitant prices of the food in the Engineering cafeteria.

The cafeteria is patronized by one of the largest of student bodies on campus.

To list some of the problems:

- 1) Very limited choice
- 2) Long lines
- 3) Virtually nothing edible left by 12:20
- 4) Food is foul tasting
- 5) Very high prices (some of the highest on campus)

A student can go to any other place on or off campus and get a better meal for less. I can unequivocally say that the Engineering cafeteria has the worst and some of the most

expensive food on campus.

I challenge the Engineering Society to answer these complaints. I believe I voice the opinion of a great number of students.

Malnourished and broke,
S. Samuels, Chem II

Dear Boxy Lady

The story of the albatross is a strange and fascinating one. How many people remember the days when the great herds of albatross roamed the sandy plains of Toronto? Today, all that remains of these vast swarms are the few lonely survivors who haunt the Old Metro Library building at College and St. George streets.

But what has become of the fine traditions that grew around the ritual of the albatross calling?

Today, another in a seemingly endless series of Toike makeups ravaged the tranquility of rubbies in autumn. What, I mean just what, possible excuse could there be for such undisciplined rowdiness? How can a poor harried writer hope to accomplish anything when he is mercilessly subjected to vicious attacks from all sides?

I thought the stereo giggling of a few years back was bad enough, but now the Toike seems to attract hordes of perverted little girls, their only desire, so it seems, to perform unspeakable corruptions on my helpless little finger. Is nothing sacred?

Admittedly, my little finger doesn't mind the occasional dalliance, and it probably felt it was due for a night on the town anyway. But we both resent what was little more than an attempted rape, or even more unspeakable perversion. It's time

that the Engineering Society should take a long hard look at the state to which things have degenerated. Next thing you know, a person's very shoelaces will quiver and quake at the prospect of being dragged up to the offices—and with good reason!

The Toike editor is partly to blame as well, but he's due to be shot at dawn anyway for having cold pizza ordered. And, after all considering his condition it's a wonder he's still coherent (for three minutes every full moon).

Regardless, something has to be done about these wicked proto-women before their depraved minds urge them on to even greater depths of degeneracy. My bruises will fade, but what of the potential trauma to others who are less prepared for this sort of assault?

I only hope something can be done before it is too late.

Yours anguishedly,
Battered Writer

P.S. To the one in the pig-tails: I think you're kind of cute. Meet me tomorrow at five at the regular place; I'll bring the Elasto-Plast.

Dear Gentlemen of the Toike,

We need some advice with respect to Engineers. We are convinced you are the only responsible authorities on the subject. Therefore: (1) Why do some Engineers insist on "one night stands" with fresh, innocent nurses? We do understand the urgency of your sexual desires, however, we would be more than willing to squeeze you in every night of the week. Could the reason be a pathological inability to sustain a

full erection for longer than the time of a Nursing Pub? (Come on Mech. Eng.—can't you dream up some sort of discreet pulley system?) (2) Although many Engineering men have endeared themselves to us there are a select few who appear to have rather 'swelled heads'. (referring to the occipito-frontal region) Perhaps these men are simply Geol. Eng. who store their crystallography samples in the handiest empty space. (3) What makes Engineering Florsch so blatantly identifiable? Could it be the following:

- (a) they have not started to shave yet?
- (b) when they ask a nurse to dance their pre-pubertal voices resound in the room?
- (c) their canary yellow hard hats appear to be grafted to their ears?

a synthetic testosterone for these poor souls—which we would be more than happy to administer per rectum. (4) Last, but not least, we have discovered that you men do indeed have a saving grace—namely the BFC (which of course does not exist). From our experience with the BFC we have determined that they are indispensable, fine "upstanding" young men, exemplifying everything an Engineer should be. They provide warmth, comfort and gallant rescues to nurses in distress. Keep it up, gentlemen!

You men are definitely the best on campus, however we feel you could be better than best by hiring an Eng. Sci. to put forth solutions to the above.

Sincerely yours,
Two concerned Nois'
who believe in TLC.

P.S. D.K. has the right idea—g.d.l.

Ule?

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TAKE A BREAK, YOU DESERVE IT!

Chorus:
Away, away with the fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for women to peddle their bum
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

We sailed the good ship Venus,
My God! you should have seen us!
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the ship's mast was a penis.

The captain's name was Morgan,
My God! he was a gorgon!
He lay on the deck, a physical wreck
From playing his sexual organ.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
My God! but she was a ble
To give the crew their daily screw
Upon the chartroom table.

The captain of this lugger,
He was a filthy bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
And nor was any other.

The captain's pretty daughter,
She fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
had found her sexual quarters.

The captain loved his cabin boy,
He loved him like a brother,
And every night when the moon shone bright
They'd bugger one another.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
The dirty little nipper—
He stuffed his ass with fiberglass
And circumcised the shipper.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
The rotten little bugger,
He stole the pearls from all his girls
And sent them to his mother.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
The dirty little nipper,
He stuffed his bum with bubble gum
And vulcanized the skipper.

We sailed with a sailor named Bass,
Whose balls were made out of brass.
In stormy weather his balls banged together,
And lightning shot out of his ass.

The first mate's name was Carter
Lord! he was such a farter!
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship
wouldn't go
We called on him to start her.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

The Eskimo women, they are the pits,
They have no box, they have no tits,
They'll whack you off with their furry mitts,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a girl from Tennessee,
Who spread her legs from sea to sea,
And all she got was a little of me
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The second mate was Chopper,
My God! he had a whopper!
Twice 'round the deck, and 'round his neck
And up his ass for a stopper.

The third mate's name was McQuiggon,
My God! he had a big one!
Up the mast and tied there fast
We used it for the riggin'.

The bosun was of use to us:
He painted his cock with phosphorus,
And by its light one stormy night
He steered us through the Bosphorus.

The bosun's name was Andy,
My God! he had a dandy!
They squashed his cock upon a rock
For pissing in the brandy.

The engineer, the engineer,
He loved to play the clarinet.
But after the fight the other night
The second mate was wearin' it.

The engineers at U of T
Can all get it up endlessly,
What goes up sometime must come down
But with them I really wonder.

The surgeon said the girls were clean,
The son of a bitch was off his beam,
The end of my prick is turning green,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The boatswain had a cockenbird,
And took him to a party
But all we heard from the little twerp
Was "Give us another one, Marty!"

The fireman's name was Randy
And he was such a dandy,
In raising steam he was off his beam,
But his prick was Oh! so handy.

The pilot's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We turned the poor thing over,
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

I met a girl from Labrador,
She spread her legs from door to door,
But all she got was a two-by-four
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

We sailed with a young lad from Boston
Who drove a mini Austin,
Had room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

Every night at half-past eight,
The captain and the gunner's mate
Lay on the deck to masturbate,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

For forty days and forty nights,
We sailed the broad Atlantic,
With nary a piece of tail in sight,
The crew was nearly frantic.

Forty days from Singapore
We couldn't find a single whore
So we bored a hole and screwed the floor,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

But at the China Station,
We tired of our occupation,
And sank our junk in a sea of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The Russian women, they are the shits
They have no box, they have no clits,
They sucked us off with their rubbery lips—
The North Atlantic Squadron.

SKULE NITE SUX

Are you tired of school work
already? Do you want to develop
your mind as well as your soul?
Are you lonely and in need of
friends? Do you do anything at
all?

Even if you're a natural for the

Med Sci Cadaver room, why
don't you come out and audition
for Skule Nite? Even if you can't
act, we'll find something for you
to do. We need stage crew,
costumes, merrymakers, etc.,
etc., etc.

I'm friendly and I don't bite, so
come on out the the auditions on
Nov. 21, 22, and 23. Or if you are
very shy call me, Graham, at
249-5853.



Oktoberfest



Hi Terri!
Thanks for t



ENGINEERING SOCIETY

STILL REQUIRES:

A Yearbook Editor to
oversee and produce this
year's Yearbook. If no
volunteer is found within the
next month, there will be
no Yearbook.

And when we reached Siberia,
The crew grew cheerier and cheerier,
Each prostitute along the route
Grew wearier and wearier.

We've said the seas, and oceans, too
And fucked the women of every hue,
'our dongos and balls are black and blue
We're the North Atlantic Squadron.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't invented,
They drilled a hole in the side of a pole
And banged away contented.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And toilets weren't invented,
They dropped their load beside the road
And walked away contented.

In days of old when knights were bold
And condoms weren't invented,
They wrapped their socks around their cocks
And babies were prevented.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular,
They'd line 'em all against the wall
And bang 'em perpendicular.

We sailed with a young man named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
You've got to admit he's a bit of a shit,
But just think of the money he saved.

We smuggled aboard one hell of a whore,
Who took it even on the floor,
When we were done she asked for more
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

(the two runners-up)

Said a virgin who lived in St. Yves,
'pray, ere my membrane you cleave,
With your life-giving sword, let me first thank the Lord
For what I'm about to receive.

A sleazy tart was blown apart
By a box of ammunition,
When the surgeon put her together again
She could screw in a new position.

(and more)

The Varsity will advertise
For sheiks and such preventives,
But engineers, they never fear,
Their ladies aren't relentive.

A million years ago, they say,
The dinosaurs just died away,
They couldn't reproduce, you see
They all were bloody gay.

THE WINNER — Betty Houghton. Can you guess which verse is the winner?

All the girls in Cherrytown,
The boat was in and they all came down,
We took 'em aboard and showed 'em around
The North Atlantic Squadron.

The Newfie girls are sure no catch,
All they do is pick and scratch,
And pull the crabs out of their snatch
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

We met some girls from Gay Paree,
And tickled them above the knee,
They spread their legs so we could see
The North Atlantic Squadron.

All the girls from Harbortown,
They line the street beside the pond,
They love to get their clutches on
The North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a girl from PEI,
Who came to T-O very shy,
The engineers gave her a try
And now she works for money.

I met a girl from Moosonee,
She spread her legs from tree to tree,
But all she got was a dose of VD
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

All the girls near Hudson's Bay,
They come to hear the music play,
We played to them all and sailed away.
The North Atlantic Squadron.

A crude young girl of Three Rivers
Gives friends a case of the shivers,
Great spasms has she, rubbing up to a tree
And again while extracting the shivers.

She built herself an enormous cock
Made of the finest silver,
It split her straight from clitt to tit
And damn well nearly killed her.

All the girls in Harbour Jacks
Are waiting down beside the tracks,
Tonight the skirts are going to attack
The North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a gal from Montreal
Who spread her legs from wall to wall,
But all she got was sweet fuck all
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

Now all the boys have gone to war,
And all the girls are on the shore,
They sailed away forever more,
The North Atlantic Squadron.

Who are these guys?



I.G. deB. — A Woman's place is ON TOP

BARRY LAY — Only if she knows what she is doing.

PAUL K.T. — Definitely not partial to derivatives

ROTO (DECEASED) — Necrophilia means never having to say you're sorry.

BJORNCA JIGGER (AWKEWTE) — Underdog is my hero

FOREST MOZO — Just because I talk to myself doesn't mean I'm schizophrenic. Doesn't it? Could have fooled us

WENDY — Whither goest thou now that you're here?

KREAO'NEFF — "Pillage the knew village" clued the gnu trilogy

MARYLIN — It's not fair.

CAPH — Bags are best

JYMMI eM — Surprize! Surprize! There is a God! Thank you

SUE SAMUELS — I.G. de B. is next

BILL M. — Guelph is limited to 1 dB (ie, Dianne Beilby), the other is still in Toronto, right Dave?

REACH — I had a stiff-knee last weekend.

FAN TYPE — How's that for efficiency?

JOHN BOY — Q: What's brown and crawls up your leg?

A: Homesick diarrhea.

THE GREMLIN — Wrong-o! Uncle Ben's perverted Ross!

SPEEDY — I'm always Reddy!

ANYTHING — Bnad cymbal players are best

SOMETHING — They're all cymbal minded.

NOTHING — Dig that cymbalism, man

THE ED. — Apologies to John Challis

BATMAN — It's back to the Bat Cave, Robin

ASS. ED. — Jam session has lousy peanut butter

KISS — Bite my Gnatchkose.

ALSO BATMAN — Don't worry, Robin — we'll eat out way out

INORGANIC CHEM. — Sucks organically

LARCH — Half asleep

MR. BILL — Oh No, No, Noooo!

OTIS FUDPUCKER — Oh No! Not rape again!!

DAVE BOWDEN — I'd rather be saline

ANNE C. — I'd rather be —ing

FLASH — Once you eat all the cherries of life, all you have left are the pits.

MIKEY — This is the pits...

ELLEN R. — wuz here, but only in spirit

STEVE B. & RICK D. — We always wanted to be paper boys

GUIDING LIGHT — When will we see "Brown Velvet?" Hmm?

VICTOR Q. YEARBOOK — Hi Barb. Hi Nora. Now get back to the layout!!

REDDY — Could the LGMB use a conductor?

FREDDY — How about an insulator?

MIKEY (ALREADY) — How about an attenuator?

SUPER STEVE — We're all bleeding in the gutter

ELEC STORM — We reigned for 40 days and 40 nights

GLAD HAND — Obviously the result of an Eatapuss Complex

JOHN KENNY — Cum Sancto Sanctos eris (et cum perverso perverteris)

ERIC — Love is a many-splendoured thing

CLAUDIA — Commodiously dedicated to Paul, who likes to help Ken study

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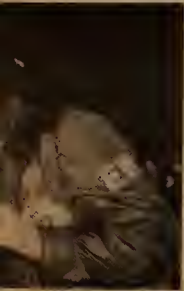
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tedium II

Performance

A Brief Revue
by Eric Hartwell

Have you ever paused to ponder upon the incredible hostility of whoever designs the seating for public places? Take the seats in the new subway cars, for example. They're so short it's a miracle if you don't slide off somewhere between Union and Bloor, and if by some fluke you do manage to stay perched, you're left with a permanent impression of the miserly padding when you get off. And the seats in some of the stations along the new Spadina line are obviously designed for a three legged gink with lead underwear.

The seats at Convocation Hall were designed long, long before any of us were more than pre-pubescent lusts in our parents' minds, and they stand as a monument to the sadistic seat carver's art. They're so malevolent that the U of T administration has decided to preserve them as a shrine to maliciousness, and intends to keep them in service for the next

twenty decades, or until no one in Toronto can still sit, whichever comes later.

The assault on your buttocks is so fiendishly diabolical that after ten minutes you find yourself praying for another splinter, just to add some variety to the agony.

Maybe a pregnant hippopotamus would feel more at ease than your average concert-goer; come to think of it, a pregnant hippopotamus would probably be more intelligent than your average concert-goer, at least judging by what I see at your average Con Hall concert.

The October 20th concert was depressingly typical. We were fortunate enough to be seated right beside one of the world's last remaining genuine rot-your-brain-away-on-chemicals-and-never-miss-it-hippy reject types

still in semi-existence. how else can you describe a clown who "flies" in all the way from Hamilton just to "catch" the concert, sells his girlfriend's ticket when it looks like she's late, and proceeds to down three litres of ethanol and four joints before they turn the lights out?

I can't understand how anyone can pay money and go to a concert, just to get so zonked they can't even remember their postal code. Why don't they just stay home and entertain the cockroaches? We don't appreciate being clampered over every five minutes during the show when it's time to float out for another joint, either.

I must admit that the first part of the show wasn't anything to write a review about either. Apparently, David Bradstreet is a Juno award winner, and while

this just goes to prove what you knew about the Juno awards anyway, it's no reason to make people sit on ferocious seats. Dave and the boys are actually one of the better har bands I've heard lately, but then again I spend a lot of time at the Brunswick. He'd be great downstairs at the El Mocambo, where he'd keep sounding better and better as the night wears on and you blow your mind out on beer and hoogie. But mindless AM rock just doesn't suit the concert scene. After three numbers, you get the feeling that either you've heard them all or the record is stuck. At least he managed to subdue the harassment of the seats for a while, as for the first time in my life I managed to doze off in the middle of a concert.

With a little help from my companion, however, I managed

to wake up in time for John Prine.

Prine has been around for a while, as anyone who knows can tell you. When he first shuffles out on stage, you get the impression that here, finally is THE man with the world's most stupendous five year old hangover.

But when he sings, you know that whatever life's tried to flatten him with, he's still here, and fighting. When Prine sings the blues, you know he knows what he's talking about, and the sincerity is almost painful at times. The new material was okay, and the band was really top rate, but I thought Prine was at his best doing his old songs solo. He held the audience captivated with his gut-wrenching rendering of classics such as "Sam Stone," pouring his heart out and sweating out each syllable.

At the end of the concert, as we gingerly limped out into the night, I felt truly drained. But the best was yet to come.

JOHN PRINE

Here it is!



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New Wave Mania

Beatle Infestation
by Forest Mozo

One of the newest "new wave" bands gaining a lot of attention in the BEATLES, a four-man group from Liverpool, England. Their first album, called "Please Please Me" in the U.K. and "Meet the Beatles" in Canada, has recently been released on Parlophone and Capitol records. It was recorded in England and produced by George Martin, the man who so far has had no influence in new wave. Since their recent appearance on the Ed Sullivan show, the BEATLES have received a lot of airplay, enough to sell Convocation Hall if they were to play there.

Technically, the BEATLES ARE THE MOST ADVANCED OF THE NEW WAVE ACTS. They employ variety of electronic gadgets, including an electric rhythm guitar and production techniques that give the album a more advanced

sound than it deserves.

If one looks beneath the gadgetry of their music, he would find simple rhythms and downright silly lyrics. For instance, in "Love Me Do", they sing about non-sexual love (huh?). What does "Please Please Me" mean? The BEATLES demonstrate an ability in creating more conventional new wave songs like "Money" and "Chains", which surely must deal with commercialism and sadomasochism (S and M).

The BEATLES are a product of the new wave. Whether they are a fad, like sticking french fries through the cheeks and drinking cola through the nose, or a group with a future, it remains to be seen. It appears that BEATLES, unlike other more recent new wave acts, attracts a broad commercial audience, and this could be significant in the months to come.

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THE WIZARD OF OBS

—From the incredibly dull misadventures of Dorothy Trollop—
Part 2

When we last saw Dorothy, she was hastily putting distance between herself and the ravenous ghoulies known as the munchies, who were doing a job of dismemberment on the narc that a coroner would be proud of. Dope, on the other arm, and for the first time in months, actually perceived a real, physiological, non-chemically induced sensation which his drug soaked brain interpreted as hunger. Stumbling back to the sordid scene, he pushed some munchies aside and jammed two or three of the larger pieces of the decaying narc into his face. Accidentally chewing, he broke his only remaining tooth on a particularly crunchy bit. Dorothy called to him from up the road, and he blacked out.

Coming to several hours later, Dope felt the familiar boot to the kidneys that kept him awake nights with anticipation. This was really living? he thought to himself. He looked up with bloodshot eyes at Dorothy, who whiled away the hours by cleaning her sinuses through her nostrils, and recovering only insignificant amounts of brain on her index finger. Dope winced occasionally as pain momentarily overcame the narcosis.

As they walked, picking and kicking, they heard a groaning from a nearby field.

"Ow...my hair hurts...my teeth itch..." said a voice from the ditch by the road. Running over to see, Dorothy drove a spiked heel into an unsuspecting face.

"Hey, did that hurt?" asked a little pile of smouldering wreckage that could accidentally be construed as a scarecrow.

"Yes, it did. I stubbed my toe on your face, you miserable son of a bedspread!" Dorothy snarled, grinding her heel deeper into the ventricles of his brain.

Dope suddenly let an orgasmic howl when he realized what the pseudo-scarecrow had been guarding. Yanking a pull cord on the back of his head, he suddenly became an emaciated engine of hunger and turned into the marijuana fields in front of them. Exhaust pouring from his ears, Dope revved his mouth and cut huge swaths through the plants that a Massey-Ferguson combine couldn't match.

"Uhh," the scarecrow postulated, managing the extract a thought from the random synaptic noise in his brain.

"Look what that garbage did to me, you canine junkie," the scarecrow said, pointing to the grey slime oozing from his ears.

"I used to be a forester, but now I'm over-qualified."

"Then maybe the Wizard can help you, too. I'm going there to see him now. Not only is he an obstetrician, but I hear he's also a neurosurgeon, an undersea welder, and a short order cook. His talent is limited! There's something he can't do!" Dorothy gushed gleefully.

"You think maybe he could give me a new brain, or at least pry the spiked heel out of this one?" the scarecrow asked hopefully.

"I doubt it, but come along

anyways; you're good for a laugh," Dorothy giggled, "I do so enjoy other's misfortunes."

Suddenly, from behind them, Dope came threshing up, and ripped off the scarecrow's leg and rolled it into a spliff. Lighting it up, Dope injected the burning end into his vein and passed out in ecstasy.

"See! Dope likes you!" Dorothy bubbled at the scarecrow, who teetered clumsily on one leg. So they set off for Obs, each in search of their own rewards.

Walking along the way, Dope's photoreceptors almost didn't malfunction when they detected a metallic structure up ahead at a bend in the road. His loins suddenly underwent an excruciating painful spasm when his neo-cortex registered "Fire Hydrant Stimulus". Racing over, he hiked his leg and let rip a blast like a water cannon at the rusted heap.

"Mmmf, grnlp!" came the muffled cry from the steaming, dripping figure before them.

"Hey, it looks like a rusted droid!" Dorothy said, exhibiting the tenuous, though definite, relationship her story bore to that of Star Whores from last year. The scarecrow nervously eyed the double ended axe that the tin man had in one hand, and the McCulloch autolube, lightweight Limb 'n Trim Chain saw in the other.

"Maybe we should oil him, then sell him to a fast talking, loud-mouthed, jawa," Dorothy said. "Excuse me, Dope."

Ripping a massive clump of greasy fur from the dog's nether regions, Dorothy smeared it all over the tinman's rusted joints.

"Ahh, that feels much better," the tinman said, stretching briefly before sparking the chain saw to life and doing a vegematic special on the scarecrow. Then, with chain saw whining and hatchet flailing, the tinman levelled everything around them in only a few seconds.

"Christ, I hate feeling crowded. I need room to move in," he said.

"How ever did you get so rusted, Mr. tinman," Dorothy asked, suddenly losing interest as she scratched her ass.

"I got caught in a group of munchies and went crazy, I wasted all three of them and was ready to take on some more when my chain saw caught a hydro tower. I was barbecued by a fifty million volt blast that rooted me in place and toasted my privates," he explained, taking a defer slice out of Dope's hindquarter.

"My god, but you're heartless," Dorothy snapped, "Why, yes I am!" the tinman quipped, pleased to see someone taking an interest in his work.

"I'm so pleased to hear that, that I'm going to spare your life for the moment, seeing as my chain saw stalled halfway through the scarecrow's head."

"Well, why don't you come along to see the Wizard? I hear he's also a knife sharpener and veterinarian, as well as an obstetrician, neurosurgeon, undersea welder, and short order cook. He's a staggeringly average man! A benignly mediocre oaf!" Dorothy effused.

"Just don't let him crowd me. I get a bit annoyed," the tinman said, running his finger along the



... Dope condensed on the ceiling and dripped to the floor

razor sharp axe blade that had been chipped ragged on many a stubborn skull bone.

Assuring him that this would indeed be the case, they skipped off down the road towards Obs. Dope felt a twinge of consciousness over the plight of the scarecrow, who had been sliced, diced, cubed and shredded most expertly by the tinman. He niftily picked up the pieces and put them in a bag for later. Continuing down the road, they chanced upon an unusual lion-like creature, sobbing uncontrollably under a tree.

"It's all your fault that this happened, not mine!" he howled, shaking his fist at the moss on the tree.

He turned toward Dorothy. "Get them off me, get them off me!" he screamed, tearing off a piece of bark and pushing it into his nose.

"Can we help you?" Dorothy asked.

"You'll never find it, I've hidden it too well!" the lion howled, putting his head under a rock.

"I think he needs help!" Dorothy said, laughing uncontrollably.

"Sure thing," replied the tinman, gunning his chain saw.

"Two with mustard, one no onions," cried the lion, throwing himself against the ground.

The others around him grew nervous.

"One more move and we all go up!" the lion shrieked, holding a flaming skunk.

The tin man suddenly felt uneasy.

"This guy scares me. He's just not normal," he said, killing the chain saw.

Dope, oblivious to the surrounding events, busied himself by reconstructing the piecemeal scarecrow, and only smoking the occasional part. As soon as the scarecrow was mobile, they set off again, trying to put as much distance as possible between them and the lion.

"Aye Aye, Captain, but the warp engines are buckling," the lion said, coming after them.

They broke into a run and arrived at the Emerald City in a matter of seconds. The tinman knocked at the door and axed for admittance.

"Ding dong" went the bell. "Say what?" said the man.

one more rush, clamped his mouth over the nozzle, inhaled deeply, and evaporated.

"Ugh", said Dorothy, beating on her abdomen with a two by four. "The little darling kicked again. I think we had better go and see the wizard."

As soon as Dope had condensed on the ceiling and dripped to the floor, they skipped merrily off to the Wizard. They marched smartly down the hall and the guards in the corridor snapped to attention. The Scarecrow and Dope, arm in arm, careened off their halberds while the lion timed Dorothy's contractions.

"Stand back", he cried, "She's going to blow any minute now."

They suddenly came upon the massive, oaken door that guarded the entrance to the Wizard's throne room. They entered without knocking.

"Sorry!" Dorothy said, quickly closing the door.

"I'm the great (groan) and powerful (wheeze) Obbbbs (ahhh!) who the hell put Kaopetate in my beer?"

"Oh great and powerful Obs, I have a great need!" Dorothy said.

"Well, I was in here first," he bellowed.

"No, you don't understand. It's for my child. I want a semi-private room, TV and phone, and send the bill to my Aunt Gravity in Kansas. And after that, can you fix up my friends?" Dorothy asked.

"No. And where is the goddam toilet paper?" the Wizard boomed.

"Oh, please, please, won't you help us?" Dorothy pleaded.

"Oh all right, but first, you must prove yourselves worthy of my help. Will you agree to perform a task that will demonstrate your sincerity?" he asked.

"Oh yes, we will! Oh thank you!" Dorothy said.

"Fiffaarrrrrrt!!!" came the reply, sounding incredibly relaxed.

"Hey, with this sulfuric acid they're injecting, I don't need to presoak. It really gets out those stubborn blood stains," exclaimed the Tinman. Dope, trying for

To be concluded.



SKULE FOOTBALL

VIC BEATS SKULE IN SEMI

For the third year in a row, the Engineering football team made it to the playoffs, this year against Victoria College. The Vic team was lead on to the field with the blaring of bagpipes, and as the game started it became evident that Vic had more than hot air. Vic opened the scoring with a field goal after having one blocked and one wide attempt. In the second quarter Skule

came back with a touchdown pass from Sunil Tarneja to Mitch Roy. Vic blocked the convert, and later tied the score with another field goal at the end of the first half. In the second half Vic came on strong and ran up the middle for two touchdowns. Skule repeatedly tried to come back, but could not put together the long drive necessary for a score.

Injuries to wide receiver Ken Mehi and quarterback Sunil Tarneja, and a fumble and some interceptions did not help the offense. Vic's Harris maintained his clean record and hasn't yet been thrown out of any games. The final score was 21-6, and another year of football ends for Skule. Although the refereeing was very questionable — they

seemed to think it was a touch football game instead of tackle—it did not affect the ultimate result. Victoria played with the desire needed to win and won the chance to meet St. Mikes tomorrow at 2 PM on the Back Campus. The winner will receive the Mulock Cup, the oldest football trophy in Canada.

Although Skule did not win the Mulock this year, the team had another winning season, shutting out their opponents in three out of their four wins. Engineering has not won the Mulock Cup since the early 1950's, and now must hope for a try for the championship next year.

SWIMMERS!

Have you seen the days getting shorter? Have you noticed the nights getting longer? Have you felt the mornings getting colder? Have you seen the leaves turn colour and fall to the ground? I'll bet you thought these were all signs indicating the changing of seasons. Wrong! A swimmer's sixth sense will

signify none other than that annual event — That's Right! — that microcosm of human existence ... the Interfaculty Swim Meet. Scheduled for the evening of Wednesday, November 15, 1978, this competition is a great way for the F'rosh to collect valuable S-Points! Depending on performance, swimmers may also receive a pen set, a T-shirt, a

plaque, a medal, a beer stein, or a trip to the Bahamas. If you can take your showers without a life preserver, we need you! The sign-up list is in the aquatics box (Beside the Stores, upstairs in the Old Metro Library). Further information can be obtained by calling Henry Vehovec 249-6677 or Ralph Hoffman 960-8159



Now you know
(Everything you've heard about BRADOR is true.)



SPORTS ROUNDUP
Eng. vs. St. Mikes

The rain had cleared and the field was drying as Engineering and St. Mikes met to decide the first place in Interfaculty Football. The game started well, as Skule moved the ball down the field in fine form. Then disaster struck as running back Bill Mandolidis was injured during a sweep from the right. After this, the attack bogged down and Skule had to settle for a field goal. The loss of Mandolidis slowed

the offense badly, and St. Mikes controlled the play after that point. A strong Skule defense held St. Mikes off the scoreboard, and after the half Engineering was still ahead, 3-0. In the second half the defense began to tire and St. Mikes put together a long drive for a touchdown. A blocked punt and a third down gamble led St. Mikes to another touchdown, which was all they needed to become victorious, 13-3.

Eng. vs. Victoria

It was a cold day for football and Victoria had to try and manage without their cheerleaders; nevertheless, the Engineering team was hot and showed its fire right from the beginning, burning Vic with a long-bomb touchdown pass to Ken Mehi early in the first quarter. From that point, it was clear sailing as Skule dominated the game, both offensively and defensively. Touchdowns in the second and fourth quarters by

Lou Filippi and a fourth quarter field goal by Scot Fowler added to the Skule total. Paul Villeneuve played well in place of the injured Bill Mandolidis, and the offensive line of Rich Blais, Tony Masella, Ed Cocchiarella, Tony Simonetta, and Dave Sosinsky opened holes in the Vic line almost at will. The defense also played well, shutting out the squad from Vic. The final score: 22-0.

RUGGER (division I)

	W	L	T	Pts
Trinity	2	2	1	5
Eng.	2	1	2	6
PHE	2	3	0	4
Law	2	2	1	5

LACROSSE (division II)

	W	L	T	Pts
Medicine	5	1	0	10
Eng.	4	1	1	9
Trinity	1	4	2	4
Forestry	0	4	1	1



... all alone and far downfield, receiver Ken Mehi plucks a ball from the air during the game against St. Mikes ...

Pinball Lizards

Sauntering down the halls of Med Sci, as I do occasionally, I happened to enter the Alumni Lounge on the second floor. The moment I stepped in the door, my ears were assaulted by the nerve-grating metallic clacking of the pinball machines against the far wall. Being in pharmacy, time weighed heavily on my hands, and so I was given to taking long walks around campus, pausing now and then to discuss politics with squirrels in Queen's Park (providing the only real intellectual challenge I ever met in my four years in the course). This particular morning, I'd spent nearly an entire minute researching my fourth year paper entitled "Our Friend the Drug." Despite my exhaustion, curiosity got the better of me and so I decided to see exactly what happened behind those innocent looking wall dividers in the lounge.

Holding my breath (which was almost necessary with the stench of week old unemptied ashtrays), I peered around the dividers and was greeted by a hellish sight. Borrowing heavily on the knowledge I had gleaned from the backs of cereal boxes, I was able to classify the grotesque which stood at the pinball machine. It had coarse, green scaly skin; dull, vacant eyes embedded in a hideously misshapen skull of considerable thickness; long, dangling arms whose wrists dragged on the floor; a tongue constantly darting out of its mouth, probing the air; and a very tiny brain within which was implanted a singular thought: PINBALL. There was no mistaking this creature - Pinballasaurus Decorticate, whom the lay

public refer to as Pinball Lizard.

This reptilian entity was surrounded by several more of his kind, all equally stupid and all equally intent on playing the game. The machine they huddled around groaned under the weight of a mountain of quarters dumped on the glass. The leader of this strange group of lizards stared fixedly at the flashing lights on the upright score panel.

Nervous fingers probed frantically for the magic disc that would transport the lot of them into a kind of sustained communal orgasm. Finally managing to locate the slot, the quarter fell in and awakened the slumbering mechanism. Excitement passed under the crowd as blinking lights and ringing noises signalled the start of THE GAME!

Summoning nearly all seventeen functional neurons from every corner of his brain, the leader calculated the force necessary to propel the metallic spheroid into the proper slot. The others around him knew that proper pull was necessary for unsuccessful entry.

The crowd swayed rhythmically to the pelvic gyrations of their leader as he engaged in a kind of ritualistic mating dance with the machine. His tentacular arms encircled the pinball machine in a loving embrace as he cooed, caressed, guided, vibrated, shook and pummeled at the glass in an effort to control the little ball through its perilous course. After nearly thirty minutes, the first ball had finally been lost to the take-up mechanism which terminated that round. The comatose beings around him

indicated their pleasure with his feat by hammering massive ham-like fists on his back, heartily rendering him senseless. He licked at his wounds and started up at the counters which had long since passed the hundred-thousand mark. He took hold of the launcher and walloped it with his fist, sending the ball around the top at sub-sonic speeds. The score counters whizzed around so fast that they melted into a pile of slag and the backup counters, which read in scientific notation came on.

From the centre of that heap of vegetating biomass came oohs and aahs or appreciation for the performance they were witnessing. Not since last week had they seen such a display of skill, such a testimony to many wasted hours of missed class time spent perfecting this playing ability.

Many more minutes passed as the second ball was battered around, receiving such a beating that it finally came to rest as a pile of metallic powder. The others nodded their heads at each other, indicating that they were indeed watching a master in action.

Carefully noting that he had racked up seventeen free games, the lead lizard decided to experiment. He fired the ball into the board and turned around, closing his eyes and kicking occasionally at the machine's legs. He managed to accumulate only fifty thousand points before losing the ball. The others bared their teeth at him and emitted low guttural growls, indicating their displeasure.

But he was unconcerned. He launched the next ball, then knelt the machine in the side, setting up a resonance that netted him four hundred points short of ninety thousand. More growling, gnashing and verbal abuse was showered on him. If he didn't wish to be serious about playing the game, then they wanted no part of his cheap theatrics. He released the fifth ball with a smirk.

The ball came around the top, through the obstacles and into the sewer, WITHOUT A SINGLE POINT. The crowd stared in speechless awe. This kind of thing had never happened in their presence, except when rank amateurs with cerebral palsy were at the flipper.

The leader gaped slack-jawed at the event. He realised that he still has a chance to match, on this ball anyway. He knelt before the mechanical deity and formed a rudimentary prayer in his rudimentary cortex. The counter flashed on and signalled...no match. He was disgraced.

The crowd ostracized this would-be pretender to the throne of Pinball, and turned to the difficult task of selecting another from among them to fill the void.

By this time, I had seen enough. I ran out of that room where sanity had long since decayed and kept running till I was far away. I had been in contact with Pinballasaurus for a long time... perhaps too long. And I had seen enough of their strange rituals and customs to pity these poor, twisted creatures, meaning no harm, but following an innate desire for self-destruction.

It is incredible what a quarter can do to some people.

Just What Was Said

On Tuesday, September 5th Orientation Day, there were a few ugly and unfortunate incidents which occurred. One of these incidents prompted the following exchange of letters.

At one point during the Frosh march across Queen's Park circle, there was an interruption which occurred when one impatient motorist driving a blue van began inching toward the Frosh marching across the street in front of him. The Frosh, in an attempt to preserve their procession across the road, began to pay particular attention to this one van.

When the van appeared to be having some success in its attempt to move through the Frosh, some of them responded by lining up in front of the van. One of the Frosh, in a zealous attempt to prevent the forward motion of the van, tried to climb up on to the front of the van,

September 28, 1978

Dear Dean Etkin:

I would like to make a formal complaint concerning the conduct of the Engineering Students at the University of Toronto.

On Tuesday, September 5th of this year, my cousin, a Mr. Paul Lockhart of New Jersey was driving in the Queen's Park—University area on his return home to the United States. On crossing Avenue Road, a mass number of students held up Mr. Lockhart and the traffic behind him for about one half hour. They were Engineering students as evidenced by the Engineering T-shirts and construction helmets. Many were sitting on the road with no apparent intention of moving.

Mr. Lockhart proceeded to move extremely slowly in an effort to disperse the crowd. As a result he was harassed and his private property vandalized. Fruit was thrown at and struck his van. Cystic Fibrosis Shinerama posters were attached to both sides and the back. Students were climbing all over his van. One student, in an attempt to pull herself onto the hood, nearly broke the windshield wiper. He was verbally harassed. Chants of "Go back to the States," are among the most civilized. Fortunately Mr. Lockhart was able to disperse the crowd without any violence ensuing.

This sort of practice reflects very poorly on the University of Toronto, and the Faculty of Engineering in particular. I expect some action to be taken, and I would appreciate hearing from you regarding this matter.

(signed)
L. Davidson

October 13, 1978

Dear Mr. Davidson:

This will acknowledge your letter of September 28th in which you make a complaint about the conduct of University of Toronto Engineering students on September 5th. I am certainly distressed at the thought that any of our students might behave as indicated in your letter. However, I must inform you that the University has no responsibility for the actions of its students off campus. Even on campus the concept "in loco parentis" has long since been abandoned in most North American universities.

Nevertheless, I am referring this matter to the President of the Engineering Society (the official organization of the Engineering undergraduates) to see whether he can shed any light on it. September 5th was during the first week of term when some students "hi-jinks" normally occur. However, our students can usually be counted on to behave in a responsible manner, and if the facts are as you state them in your letter, you have a right to expect an apology from the Engineering Society on behalf of these students who behaved in this way.

Sincerely yours,
(signed)
B. Etkin
Dean

without much success. As she fell off, she clutched at the windshield wiper in an attempt to steady herself.

At this point, the "friendly visitor" from the States decided to police the situation himself, and emerged from his truck with a steel pipe approximately one metre in length. Wielding the pipe as a weapon and referring to his large guard dog which was riding with him in the van, he threatened the crowd in general and the one girl in particular.

The girl called the bluff of the man in the van, who did not strike her but stormed back into his van. This time he moved forward more surely and was successful in breaking through the crowd when the upperclassmen present decided to avoid a greater confrontation and urged the Frosh to let the "friendly visitor" through.

It was the display of antagonism by our friend from the South which prompted the Frosh to react by chanting such lines of "Go back to the States". After he was let through the line some of the more annoyed Frosh pelted the van with their fruit as a sign of their displeasure for his violent actions. Five of the Frosh were successful in striking the van with their fruit.

Obviously, a complaint such as the one by Mr. Davidson was hardly warranted, and much less the apology by the Engineering Society. Mr. Lockhart should feel lucky that he had only fruit and taunts thrown at his van, considering what he did to provoke it. A prank as innocent as simply blocking traffic, even for fifteen minutes or so (and he couldn't have been held up for too long, considering that he got through the line), surely shouldn't warrant threats with a steel pipe.

We're lucky he left his shotgun back home.

I wonder if Mr. Davidson knew that his cousin was brandishing that steel pipe.

October 30th, 1978

Dear Mr. Davidson,

With regards to our actions of September 5th, I can understand your complaints and I apologize for the actions of the Students.

September 5th was Orientation Day for the 800-odd Engineering Freshmen. For the last few years on this Day, the Freshmen have been "toured" round the campus by a number of Upperclassmen, and this year was no exception. The crossing of Queen's Park was necessitated in order to get to Victoria College at the North-east corner of our campus. It has always been our hope that the public will "understand" such events as "college pranks" and not be bothered by the hold-ups.

The particulars you cite certainly reflect poorly on the Faculty and the University, and I can assure you are not a "practitioner" of the Engineering Society. However, throwing fruit and attaching Shinerama (a charity) posters must surely have indicated the light-hearted nature of the caper.

I hope your American cousin was not too inconvenienced and I regret that we were poor diplomats. My apologies to you both.

The only action I can take is to publish your letter, the Dean's and mine in the Toke Oike (Our "newspaper") and to leave the letters on file for future societies. Sincerely,
Robert Yates T79
President.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There are unconfirmed reports that this year's pitiful band of Frosh have not heeded the warnings of their upperclassmen, and are missing engineering events in favour of diligent study. While this is indeed commendable, it cannot be condoned, and must not be allowed to continue!

In the interest of fairness, the following warning is given: should the reports be found to be true the Brute Force Committee (a mythical organization, which does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist) will not be informed of the situation, and they will not be asked to take corrective actions. They (the BFC) and after not contacting their associates (Mario's Bakery and Discotheque of Newark, New Jersey), will not, through the use of attitude adjustment kits (whose contents have been thoroughly consumed), proceed to convince those offenders of the foolishness of their ways.

As further persuasion, the following reasons are offered as why you shouldn't study.

1-In Quanto Tempo Fxio

Since time occurs in a fixed quantity, it is precious and must be used wisely.

Corollary: The more time spent attending non-tech lectures, and completing problem sets and labs, the less time available for carousing, pillaging, and plundering, and other assorted engineering activities.

2-Murphy's Laws

Law 7: What ever can go wrong—will.

Law 8: When things are going wrong they will always get worse.

Law 43: The least significant thing during the term becomes the most significant thing on the final.

Corollary: Studying won't help. 3-Never forget no. 4, for it is crucial to your survival through engineering.

5-Why he Smart?

By studying in a foolish attempt to gain a humongous degree of enlightenment you will be depriving yourself of some of the greatest human emotions experienceable. So next time you see one of those lackadaisical students in the library, pity the poor bastard, for he will never know the agony of defeat, or the ecstasy of cramming before and shitting bricks immediately after finals. Furthermore, those who pass end up picking up the tab for Christmas graduation parties.

6-The family needs you.

Uncle Rob, Uncle Mike, Uncle Chris, and Uncles Ken and Simon need you, for various deeds and doings.

7-There is no no. 7

8-Frosh commandment no. 10: THOU SHALT NOT STUDY BEFORE NOVEMBER 15.

So, in closing, endeavour to achieve academically, but NOT at the expense of your SKULE(ing).

yours truly,
Dean B. Etkin



Once upon a time, an Arts Student found that he was "Tapeworm cured. Guaranteed. suffering from tapeworm (or \$100)." Hoping against hope, he vice-versa). After trying called the number, and was told numerous medications, surgery, to buy two bran muffins and call and small explosives, he was at back in the morning. his wit's end. Desperate for a He purchased the required cure, he looked through a muffins, and called for newspaper. In the newspaper, he instructions at 8:00 AM the next

day. "Take one bran muffin, and shove it up your ass" he was told. "Wait five minutes, then shove the other one in. Buy two more bran muffins, and then call me tomorrow morning."

The next morning he continued the process, and things went on that way for a month. Finally, after four weeks, the instructions changed. The artsie was told to buy one bran muffin and two bricks.

"Wait just a minute!" the enraged artsman cried. "I'm damn well not going to stick two bricks up my ass!"

"You don't, you idiot," his instructor replied, "You stick one bran muffin up there, wait for five minutes, and put one brick in each hand. When the worm sticks his head out and says, 'Where's my other bran muffin?' — POW!"

Credit Notes

First of all, let me congratulate you on what appears to be a very fine speech: I never knew that there could be so many words for such a basic part of the male anatomy. I wonder if they have that many different words for your you-know-what in French.

So you are endowed in a way we women are not? Big deal! That cubbyhole you call a washroom in our house is hardly fit for dogs answering nature's call, let alone humans! The reason I put on the push cover is so that you will remember to flush the toilet after yourself. So covers add weight to the lids. I've noticed that you've put on a few pounds yourself, and it's not where it counts the most.

You don't like urinals? How would you like to walk into a public washroom, catch a million germs from the toilet seat and after the ordeal is over, discover to your chagrin that there is no toilet paper to dry yourself? And oftentimes, the flushing noise is enough to make anyone think that World War III was on, that is, if you can find the damn handles in the first place.

I've noticed that there are three types of toilets: low ones, high ones and ones with black seats. If you are lucky enough to chance upon a low one, you have a good chance of baptizing your genitals and well as getting your ass stuck in the hole. High ones are hazardous because you can hardly get on them and have a good chance of cleaning the floor as well as your legs. And black-seated ones hide the dirt so well that you wonder where that piece of shit on your leg

came from. (And you always wondered why I loved the hot pink two-seater disguised as a piece of furniture that Joe Lstiburek gave us).

Oh yes, if you don't like slit underwear, why don't you wear those "do-you-dare" bikinis I gave to you on your birthday? Or are you not endowed enough to show it off? Besides, no one will know except me (and Mrs. Fudpucker). Have you ever worn an 18 hour girdle only to find out it only ventilates for 15 minutes and collapses after two hours? And don't give me that crap that bras will make woman look uplifting. Why don't you try walking around in a bra with a couple of rocks stuffed inside?

Cars discriminate against women, too! Those shoulder belts cut across most unfortunately on the body. They have managed to do in one day what I couldn't do in 15 years: squeeze my tits so hard that I have begun to sell those belts as reducers for my more endowed but less happy friends. At last report, one lady went from a 42D to a 38C. And another thing, at least you men don't have to worry about getting the air knocked out of your chest by air bags. Car doors also seem to love testing the fabrics of our skirts too, whether we are getting in or out; thereby exposing ourselves to the elements and to whatever lecherous hands are available.

Big deal! So you're endowed differently! Have I made any complaints about that yet? You're always bragging about your macho. Show the world what you've got! Maybe I should have married that Eng Sci instead.

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DATE	TIME	TOPIC	TYPES OF SPEAKERS
Nov. 15	1 to 3 p.m.	LIBRARY CAREERS	Reps from U. of T.'s Masters programme and Seneca's technician course; a Librarian and Library Assistant from Public Library System
Nov. 20	1 to 3 p.m.	C.U.S.O.	A rep. from the organization and programme participant
Nov. 21 (Tues.)	1 to 3 p.m. *Room 117 Ramsey Wright Building	CAREERS IN THE INVESTMENT INDUSTRY	Reps. from retail sales, research, underwriting, bond and money markets, institutional sales
Nov. 22	1 to 3 p.m.	PLANNING CAREERS	Rep. from U. of T. programme, city planner
Nov. 27	1 to 2 p.m.	BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING	Rep. from U. of T. programme and student of course
Nov. 27	2 to 3 p.m.	AEROSPACE STUDIES AND ENGINEERING	Rep. from U. of T. programme and student of course
Jan. 15, 1979	1 to 3 p.m.	CAREERS IN EXPERIMENTAL, CLINICAL, EDUCATIONAL & INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY	Practitioners from each area
Jan. 17	1 to 3 p.m.	RECREATION CAREERS	Reps. from social service agency; institutional selling; recreational promotional organization
Jan. 22	1 to 3 p.m.	CAREERS IN THE VISUAL ARTS	An artist, art consultant; commercial art field

Advertising flyers will be distributed throughout the campus. Registrar's offices, student services offices, bookstores, libraries, Sidney Smith Information Desk, etc. Watch the newspaper in January for more details.

**ALL CAREERTALKS WILL BE TAPEO - Arrangements can be made to listen to the tapes at the Placement Centre by making enquiries to the Librarian